

Beautiful Thing by niawheelers

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - High School, Angst, F/M, Fluff, I tried to write fluff and angst burn let's see, Modern, heart eyes, honestly idk what I'm doing here, mike and el are in love

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers, almost every character is here but I'm too lazy to tag them all

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Accidentally killing your best friend's hamster had never turned out this good.

A Mileven modern high school AU

Beautiful Thing

Author's Note:

Welcome guys! I'd like to say that english is not my first language so there may be some typos here, some may be my fault, some may be my phone's fault. :D

That said, hope you like this book!

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

How was I supposed to know that if you take a picture with a hamster you fucking kill it?

Shit, Dustin is going to kill me.

Those were Mike's thoughts as he made his way to the pet store, his face showing his pure fear and concern.

He finally got there, and immediately ran to where all the hamsters were.

"Hey, can I help you with something?" He turned around to see a brunette smiling at him. She was wearing a yellow shirt, jeans and white converses, probably what was her uniform.

"Yes, actually. Do you have any hamster that looks like this?" He took the polaroid out of his pocket and gave it to her, and she examined it

carefully.

"A hamster that looks like he's just been shot?" Mike chuckled at her joke. "Didn't you know that you aren't supposed to take pictures of hamsters with flash?"

Oh shit that polaroid is proof of my crime, what if she calls her boss and they don't let me buy another hamster and then I have to tell Dustin what happened and-

"But don't worry, I'll help you." He smiled thankfully as she led him through the corridors, searching for the type of hamster he needed. "So, what's your story?"

"My story?" She nodded, but her attention was still on the hamsters. "Well, I was born here in Hawkins, on October 25, 2002. I live with my mother, my father, my little sister Holly and, well, Nancy left a few days ago to start college at NYU with her boyfriend Jonathan. I go to-" he cut himself off when he noticed that she was trying really hard to contain her laughter. "What?"

"I meant what happened with the hamster, not your whole biography." She finally laughed, and he could feel his face go warmer.

"Oh." She giggled some more. "Sorry."

"It's okay, just tell me what happened." Her voice was really

enthusiastic compared to how he had heard her for the first time, probably because she found him ridiculous.

"Uh, well, my friend Dustin is out of town and he asked me to take care of his hamster Mews." She frowned.

"Isn't that, like, a cat's name?"

"It is. His mother wanted a cat but turns out he is allergic to them, long short story, they ended up buying a hamster and naming it Mews." She snorted and shook her head. "Anyways, I had just fed him and it looked really cute, so I thought, 'hey, why don't I take a picture of Mews to give it to Dustin? Mews is old so he'll probably die soon, and polaroids last forever', so I took a picture and let's just say that Mews died sooner than I thought he would."

The girl gave him a full body laughter, and she had to take both of her hands to her stomach to try to calm herself. "Poor Mews." She managed to say between her laughter.

"Justice for Mews." He said, and mentally slapped himself because why did I say that?

"Justice for Mews, indeed." She said smiling, and that calmed him a little. "Here is your new Mews, just... don't take pictures of it this time, okay?" She showed him the hamster she had on her hand, and he nodded.

"Deal." She signaled him to follow her, and he did. "Hey, have we met before?"

"I don't think so, I think I would remember."

"Why? Because you wouldn't forget this pretty face?" *Wow Mike, you should totally give flirting classes- wait, is this flirting? Are we flirting? I had never done the flirting thing before! How am I supposed to do this? Are there any kind of rules? I'm not equipped for this.*

"Probably." He noticed a glimpse of pink in her cheeks. "Or maybe because you'd probably have your t-shirt wrongly buttoned." He frowned. "Like you do now."

He looked down and he had, indeed, buttoned his shirt wrong, missing one of the buttons and making his shirt look crooked and bigger on one side. "Shit." He mumbled before turning around and fixing his shirt, still able to hear her laughter from behind.

"Here you go." She gave him the hamster as he gave her the money. "But really, don't take pictures of it, promise?"

"Promise." He smiled and she smiled as she waved, returning to whatever she was doing with her own and that napkin. He turned around and was about to leave, when he noticed something. He walked back to her and cleared his throat, and she looked up clearly confused, yet smiling. "I'm Mike, by the way."

Her smile grew. "I'm Eleven."

"Eleven? Really? Is that your real name?" He asked wide eyed.

"It's a nickname, actually. I don't think anyone would be that level of crazy."

"And why Eleven?"

"That's a story for another day, Mike." She winked at him, and he felt his knees go weak.

"Well, maybe I can call you El, short for Eleven."

"I'd like that." She gave him a tender smile that made his chest feel warm.

"Well, hope to see you soon, El."

"Hope to see you soon too, Mike!" He turned around and walked away, the smile on his face not able to fade away on the whole ride back to Dustin's house.

Turns out he didn't actually kill Dustin's hamster, he just stunned him with the flash.

So guess who has a new fucking hamster he never really wanted? The one and only Mike Wheeler.

"Hey Benny!"

"Wheeler! Long time no see!" Mike chuckled as he high fived Benny.
"What can I help you with now?"

"Just my scrambled eggs and orange juice."

"You do know that is 6 pm, right?" Benny wondered as he raised an eyebrow.

"What? No way! I hadn't noticed, you know? Since the sun is really bright, it must have blinded me or something!" Mike pointed out of the window, where the sky was all dark and the only light that could be seen was of the only spotlight there.

"Still sarcastic at this time of the day?"

"Nah, I'm actually about to turn off my sarcastic switch, I'm starting to feel tired because of all this sass." Mike made hand pistols at Benny, who threw a loud laughter at him.

"Just go sit down and I'll bring you your order, okay?" Mike nodded and walked to an empty spot. "Wheeler!" He turned around as soon as Benny called his name. "Are you going to eat this here?"

"Uh, yeah. My mom would kill me if she knew I'm eating eggs at this time of the day." Benny winked at him and turned around to make his order as Mike walked to his seat.

He took his book out of his backpack and started to read it, losing himself in the words of it.

"Here you go princess." Mike looked up, thinking that Benny was calling for him - *idiot, why would he call you princess?* - but he was instead leaving a plate with waffles in front of a brunette. He ruffled her hair afterwards and she giggled in return, trying to fix her hair when he walked away.

He realized he knew the girl. She was El, the girl who he had met at the pet store.

He had a mental debate about whether saying hi or at least wave at her. But what if she thinks I'm a freak? Or what if she doesn't remember who I am and starts screaming? Maybe I shouldn't. I won't. Yep, I definitely won't-

"Hey!" Mike said, waving eagerly at the girl. "It's me, Mike."

Just kill yourself already.

Eleven looked up from her waffles and waved back. "Hey!"

They stared at each other for a few seconds before Benny interrupted, leaving Mike's plate in front of him as he cleared his throat. "Enjoy." Mike smiled at him, but Benny didn't even look at him as he walked away.

Mike turned back to El, but her attention was once again in her sketchbook since she was already done with her waffles. *Did she just swallow them or something? Not even Dustin eats that fast!*

She looked really concentrated in her drawing, so he decided not to annoy her more. Instead, he started to eat his food, pouring his precious syrup all over them and leaving his book aside because he didn't want to mess it up.

He caught her glancing at him some times, but of course he noticed because he was glancing at her too.

But she seemed to have a purpose, because every time she glanced at him she either erased something in her sketchbook or drew something else, always sticking her tongue out to one side and hiting

her chin with the eraser of her pencil when she frowned, looking at her drawing before doing something else.

He frowned slightly, wondering why was she looking at him, but still pretended not to notice.

Benny walked behind her and looked at her drawing, his eyes widening by it. He clapped and she turned to look at him with a little jump and a gasp. "The drawing is looking good, sunshine!"

"Oh, thanks Benny." She answered as she took a hand to her chest to feel her heartbeat and steady her breath.

"Hey kid! Come look at th-" El put her hand on Benny's mouth before he could continue yelling at Mike.

"Shhhh!" She said as the sketchbook she had left on the table fell, allowing Mike to look at the drawing.

"Is that... is that me?"

Eleven blushed like crazy, and Benny was just laughing his ass off behind her. "Nooooo."

"Oh, sorry, I thought it was me."

Eleven facepalmed herself as Benny tried to calm his laughter. "Wheeler, are you seriously this dense?"

Mike frowned at Benny's words until he seemed to realize that it was, in fact, him.

"Gotta get back to work." Benny walked back to the kitchen, leaving Mike and Eleven all alone.

Mike glanced at his watch. 7:34? *How did it go so fast? Shit.*

"Um, I should probably go, um, home, it's, um, getting really, um, late." Eleven could swear that she had never heard a sentence with that number of um's in her life.

"Yeah, um, I should, um, go, um, home too, um." She teased, making him blush. *She must think I'm some kind of retard.*

"Sure, um- wait! No 'um'! Forget I said 'um', I didn't say anything."

"So smooth, Wheeler!" Benny yelled from the kitchen before laughing, and Mike only could blush and roll his eyes playfully as Eleven giggled.

The two left their money on the table at the same time, and Benny could just chuckle at it.

She started packing her stuff, except for her sketchbook, as he walked to the door, and he opened it for her to walk out. "Ladies first."

She stopped before walking out and walked a few steps back. "Then go ahead, if you may."

Mike laughed. "I heard children go first, so I'm right behind you."

"So are we going to start using height jokes now?" He laughed at her face, as her cheeks looked pink.

"I'm sorry, it's just that I just realized how small you are." He grinned. "I think I can even use your head as an aarmchair."

"Don't you even dare." She pointed at him, and he laughed harder. "Just because you're a fucking giraffe doesn't mean-"

"Did you just call me giraffe?"

She snorted and walked out of the restaurant. "Bye Benny!" Mike followed her and waved at Benny, who waved back.

"Guess I'll see you later, Mike." She pointed behind her to a dark alley, making him frown.

"Do you have a ride home?" He wondered as he glanced at his bike on the ground.

"Um, no. But it's okay, I usually walk home anyways." She shrugged.

"How far do you live?"

"Like, half an hour away from here if I walk, fifteen minutes by car I guess."

"If you want to, I can... walk you home." He scratched the back of his neck and blushed a little, even though not even him knew why.

"Hum, I don't know... you won't kidnap me or something, right?" She raised her eyebrow, and he could just laugh nervously.

"So is that a yes or a no?"

She just turned around and started walking away. He sighed and walked to his bike, putting his hands on his pockets as he thought about how stupid he was.

"Hey! You coming or what?" He turned around so quickly that his neck made a weird sound, and saw her looking at him as she walked backward, sporting a teasing smile as she held her sketchbook with both of her hands to her lap.

"Uh, yeah! Sure!" He ran next to her as she turned around to continue walking.

They were silent for a few seconds before he decided to say something that had been bugging him since he met her (not that he had only thought about that for the last two days, that would be mental). "So, why Eleven?"

"Why what?" She asked frowning, but not looking at him.

"Eleven, why that nickname?"

"Oh, right." She nodded slowly. "It's actually kinda weird. I was born at 11:11 on November 11, 2002, doctors say it was like a miracle, so my dad thought that it was the funniest thing ever and decided to call me Eleven instead of Jane."

"Wait, so your real name is Jane?"

She seemed to be taken aback a little. "Did I say that?"

"Guess it must have slipped, happens to me sometimes." He answered shrugging as she facepalmed herself.

"Ugh. Yes, my name is Jane, but I don't really like it."

"If you want to I can still call you El, you know."

She just nodded and turned to smile at him. "I like El, it somehow sounds more... me, than Jane."

"Okay, cool."

"Cool." He turned to look at her and saw her smiling at the ground, making him smile too.

"And do you go to high school?" He turned around frowning when she asked that, and she seemed to notice. "I'm just trying to make some conversation, you know."

"Yep, I go to high school. I'll be a junior in a few days." He breathed in proudly and smiled at the sky.

"I'll be a junior too! Maybe we'll have some classes together." She raised her hand and he high fived her, making the two laugh.

"Yeah, about that, how have I never seen you before? Are you new here?"

"Um, kinda. I lived here until I was, like, 5 years old, but then something happened and I moved to Chicago and came back here

two months ago to live with my dad."

"Well, if you don't manage to make any friends on your first day-" She looked at him questioningly, and he gasped. "Not that you can't! I mean, you're really cool and nice, I'm pretty sure that a lot of people would like to be your friend." She giggled and he felt his whole face go redder than normal. "But, in the rare case that that doesn't happen, you can always sit with me and my friends, I'm sure they won't mind."

"Well, my friend Max and I will keep that on mind." She winked at him, but something felt wrong.

"Max?" She nodded and hummed at the same time. "And is he, like, cool or something?"

She suddenly started laughing, and he raised his eyebrows at her. "Yeah, she's really cool."

"Oh, it's a she! Thank god." He took one hand to his chest and sighed.

"Why wouldn't you like Max to be a boy?"

"Um, uh, because I already have a lot of guy friends! And maybe I could have some girl friends, for a change." *Wow Mike, you really are great at lame excuses. Fucking idiot.*

"Yeah, right." She looked at a white, average house and stopped walking, pulling Mike by the arm to stop walking. "This is my house." She pointed at it with one of her hands.

"Well, guess I'll see you later, El."

"Yep, probably." She waved, and he waved, and they waved at each other like idiots until someone at the door of her house coughed.

She looked around and saw her dad there, leaning on the door with his arms crossed. "Gotta go. See you, Mike." She was about to turn around when she seemed to remember something. She opened her sketchbook and teared one of the pages off it, folding it and handing it to Mike. "You can have your drawing."

He smiled and took it from her gently. "Thank you El." She seemed to blush, but he couldn't be sure since it was all dark.

"Uh, see you El." She finally waved back and walked to her house, turning around one last time to wave and finally running home.

He started walking home, which was apparently really close to her house, as he whistled a melody.

He unfolded the paper and admired the drawing she had done of him. It was extremely realistic, he was truly amazed by it. She was really, really good.

And he stopped on his tracks as he remembered that he had left his bike at Benny's.

He growled and took both of his hands to his head. *I could have given her a ride in my fucking bike and now I have to go back there to get it and then come back home and my mom is gonna kill me.*

Oh, but how worthy had it been.

Author's Note:

The whole hamster thing is based on Drake & Josh, I love that how so expect some references. ;))

Comment what you thought if you want to I don't really know xD